

Arrgh!

by cappyandpashy4ever

Category: Hamtaro

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2006-01-14 21:28:59

Updated: 2006-02-23 03:50:42

Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:23:07

Rating: T

Chapters: 8

Words: 14,495

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When Cappy is kidnapped by pirates, the hams must sail the great sea, solve an untimely riddle and survive a desert island. Is Cappy really worth it? Bit of CapPash FINISHED!

## 1. Kidnapped

**\*\*Arrgh!\*\*** By cappyandpashy4ever

**\*\*This is just a little story I've been planning in my head for a while now. Just please read and review!\*\***

### Chapter 1: Kidnapped

Tell me, reader, are you familiar with the term lucky? Surely you at least know what it means. As the dictionary puts it, being lucky is the probability that you will succeed at all attempted activities within a certain time span. But is that what luck really is, the probability of success? Reader, do you know what it feels like to be lucky? It is an exuberating rush of strength and power. You are invincible. If you don't know the sensation of luck, don't worry. You will someday. It all depends on whether you believe. If you have been lucky before, you know the feeling of never ending jubilation. But not all luck is good.

Reader, surely you are acquainted with Newton's third law of motion. If not, the phrase goes "for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction." Well, this rule applies with luck too. If there is good luck, there is definitely bad. And that is where our story begins, the thin line between good and bad luck. And I can tell you, Cappy was definitely feeling the latter, one night, as he was being dragged away in a cold leather sack. But the night hadn't started like this, there were various events leading up to it. And that is what I shall tell you, how it all startedâ€¦

It was night time at the clubhouse, and almost all the hams were asleep. Cappy was among the few that were still awake. He was

following his bedtime routine, as he normally does. After carefully selecting his pajamas, he slid down the banister and into the kitchen for a mug full of steaming cocoa. On even days were marshmallow days, odd were cinnamon. Today was June the sixteenth, so Cappy stuffed three fat, gooey nuggets into his mug. After draining it, he stepped up the stairs and checked the time. It was ten until midnight. Reader, you may be wondering why Cappy was up so late. Well, it just so happens to be that Cappy had just moved out of his mother's house and into the clubhouse. Since his mom made him go to bed on schedule, Cappy liked picking his own curfew.

He crept into his room and bundled under the covers. Now was time for the hardest decision of the day, which pillow would he use? I think now would be the proper time to tell you that Cappy's pillows were not ordinary pillows. They were, indeed, three of his old hats that had been stuffed. Cappy could not bear to rid himself of them after they had worn out, and so he had found a way to keep them forever. Now, back to Cappy's decision. Would he use Wilma, an old purple fishing hat that had seen more fish caught than stars in the sky? How about Tucker, a worn out sun hat that saved Cappy from many a sunburn? Or would he use Jake, his trusty baseball hat that had long since lost its luster? Cappy decided on Tucker and tipped his head onto the soft material. Cappy lay there for quite some time until he realized he was not asleep. He attempted to shut his eyes and drift into the land of night, but it was no use. He opened his eyes to a shining moon beam, lighting up his room. Cappy stared out his window and into the sky, the bright stars dappling the inky blackness. "It truly is beautiful," Cappy thought to himself, "I wonder how those stars feel. They all share the sky, and yet, each one is hundreds of miles away from another." Cappy scanned the sky, searching for the one star, that one special star. He remembered his mother's warmth as she held him on her lap out on the front porch. Together, they would look up at the stars, and his mother would hold up a paw, pointing at the brightest star in the bunch.

"There it is" Cappy could hear his mother's voice whispering. "Your star. Cappy's star."

Cappy's eyes darted around in the quilt of sky. And then he found it, the star that gleamed the brightest.

"My star," Cappy said out loud. "Cappy's star." And he instantly felt the warm rush of sleep overcome him.

Cappy awoke a few hours later. He stared at his clock. It was three in the morning. Tell me, reader, if you woke up at three in the morning, what would you do? Most people would just go back to sleep right? Well, it just so happens that Cappy is not most people. Cappy only woke up early if something was wrong. He strained his ears, trying to grasp a sound. But nothing came. Slowly, he walked over to his window and looked outside. His jaw dropped. Standing in the yard of the clubhouse, stood several shadowy silhouettes. Cappy shivered. He must tell the other hams. What if these people are dangerous? Cappy already had his paw on the doorknob, but it opened from the other side. There stood the huge form of something. Cappy knew from the gleam in its smile that it was not friendly. Cappy's scream of horror never left him.

"Going somewhere?" the giant figure smirked. Cappy had not time to answer, for at that exact moment, two more figures snuck up behind

Cappy, and grabbed his arms. Cappy was no match for three huge guys, and his kicking and flailing seemed pointless. He opened his mouth to speak, but the largest of the figures held a knife to his throat.

"Speak a word, and you die." The strange figure moaned with a deep voice. Cappy felt his arms being bound. He was lifted off his feet and stuffed into a bag. As he was being dragged, around what had to be the yard, Cappy could hear conversation.

"I brought the bait, Cap'n."

"Thank you, Crossbones. You are excused from kitchen duty tonight."

\_So, \_thought Cappy, \_I am bait? For what?\_ But Cappy had no time to wonder, for at that moment, a blast of salty air hit him through a small hole in the bag. Cappy peered out. The figures had brought him to the beach. Cappy looked a bit harder, until he saw it. A huge, grubby pirate ship. \_Pirates? I am bait for pirates? \_But he hadn't time to ponder this new thought. The bag in which he resided was hoisted onto the deck. Cappy heard the one called Crossbones laughing. He peered out his hole. The whole ocean lay ahead of him. And that's when it hit him. He was out at sea with pirates. Worse, he was being kidnapped by pirates. Bound and gagged, he could do nothing but stare out of his hole, and wait for the realization to sink in. He might never see the ham-hams again. He was leaving his whole world behind. He was leaving the clubhouse. Leaving his friends. Leaving Wilma, Tucker and Jake.

**\*\*Didja like it? Love it? Hate it? Tell me please! I know the beginning was far from the point. Pretty much all of my chapters will start like that. Well, until next time!\*\***

## 2. The Warning

**\*\*Arrgh by cappyandpashy4ever\*\***

**\*\*Hey! 4 reviews! I am so happy! Well, I guess this would be the time to tell you that those with light hearts should not read any further than this. Head this warning. This will probably be the most confusing chapter of them all, so those with little brain might not be able to cope. Please pay close attention.\*\***

### Chapter 2: The Warning

Reader, I'd like to start this chapter with the beginning. Unfortunately, I really don't know where the beginning might be. Does it lie with Cappy, bagged and gagged, with no choice but to watch his world disappear, or does it start with the ham-hams the next morning, awakening to find their favorite green hatted friend gone? Is the beginning with a 22 year old ham, desperately clinging to life by serving the pirate captain, or does it begin with the same ham, 14 years before any of this ever happened? Reader, I think it is crucial that we travel back to that little eight year old hamster, 14 years previousâ€|

"Glen, dinner time!" Glen followed the sound of his mother's voice. He scurried into the kitchen and sat down at the table, as was his

routine. He ate his supper of cold porridge in silence. It was not until he and his mother were clearing the table when he noticed it. Around his mother's neck, hung a shining gold locket.

This would be the proper time to tell you, reader, about this locket. It was no ordinary piece of metal. This locket belonged to Glen's father, Walnut. Walnut happened to be head of the Navy. Well, you may be wondering how all this fits into the story. Well, as you may know, the sworn enemy of the Navy is, that's right, pirates. There is an ancient prophecy that states "The battle of all time shall take place, and in a time of little hope, one shall rise up and stop the forces of evil, but will take a toll in the process." Indeed, a huge battle raged between the pirates and the Navy. Just when the pirates seemed to insure their victory, Walnut took a lunge at the pirate Captain Hambones. Miraculously, the sword pierced his heart, but as death set in on Hambone, he shouted "I die with the satisfaction that you die with me!" And, knowing he had only seconds to live, Hambone leapt into the water, and as Walnut was still holding onto the sword, he was dragged along with him. They never found Hambone or Walnut, but the locket drifted onto the shore, as if it wanted to return home. Glen was only four when this happened, but he could still remember it vividly. Now, back to the story.

"Mom, why are you wearing that?" asked the eight year old.

"It's darn dangerous times, Glen." His mother responded. "You'll be knowin how them pirates have been gainin power ever since, well, you know. Outta all the things they been wantin to steal, the locket is most highly prized. Ya know how they be likin to collect trophies from the hams they kill."

"Mom?" Glen stared with wide eyes at his mother. "Will the pirates ever attack us?"

"I, I dunno, dear. It can be hard to-" but she was cut off as the sound of cannon fire exploded nearby. "Glen! They're comin! Take this and go!" She tossed the locket to him. "Get down to the basement! I'll hold em off!"

"But mom, I-"

"Glen, go! Do you want to end up like yer brother? Go!" Glen took a last look at his mother, and ran down to the cellar. He could hear voices from above.

"He told us to get the locket." Said a man.

"Didn't he say that the woman would have it?" another man spoke.

"But she's not wearing it." Said a third.

"Then she's of no further use to us." The first one said. Following this was an echoing gunshot, a piercing shriek, and then, a terrible silence.

"MOM!" Glen yelled. He heard rustling of footsteps. \_Now I've done it. \_Glen thought, his heart racing as the steps grew nearer. \_Now they've found me. \_He stuffed the gold chain into his pocket as a large figure lifted the door to the cellar.

"It's just a little one, men." The figure spoke. "He's a runt. Useless. Not even fit to clean the captain's shoes. Kill em."

"Wait," said another. "he's got some pretty big teeth, don't he. I reckon the cap'n could make good use of em."

"What's yur name, sonny?" asked a third.

"G-Glen." He cried, tears spilling onto the floor. He looked over into the corner, at his now lifeless mother. Her eyes were glazed, a look of pure terror on her face.

"Glen? The son of Walnut?" asked the first.

"Y-yes." He sobbed.

"You'll be a nice trophy for the captain." Said the largest of the pirates. And he dragged Glen off into the cold night air by the collar. The trees, the moon, the stars, all were normal, as if the most important person in Glen's life had not just been murdered.

So that's the story of how a timid little boy grew up to be a pirate. Not of own free will, but of force. Reader, you might ask what the heck any of this has to do with the story. Well, you'll soon see in future chapters. For now, I take you to the clubhouse, early in the morning, when the ham-hams are just noticing that Cappy is goneâ€|

Where's the little green dude?" Stan asked the ham-hams the next morning. "I promised to teach him how to skateboard today."

"He's probably sleeping in, he always stays up so late these days." Pashmina stated. "I'll go wake him up. A moment later she returned, with a scrap of parchment in her paw.

"Cappy'sâ€|notâ€|there!" she wheezed. "I found this in his bed!"

"Oh no! He didn't run away?" Hamtaro said.

"Let's read the note and see." Sandy suggested. They unrolled the paper and read aloud.

\_Dear Silvershovel,\_

\_We've taken your friend. If you want him back, meet us at the dock tomorrow at dusk. Bring nobody else. Signed, Captain Hambone Jr. and crew\_

"Is this a riddle or something?" Dexter asked.

"Not a riddle." Boss stated, staring at his toes. "They took him, ruddy pirates."

"How'd you figure that out?" Maxwell asked. "Is Silvershovel a friend of yours?"

"Don't you get it?" Boss screamed. "I am Silvershovel! It was my pirate name!"

"You were a pirate?" Hamtaro asked.

"I \_was \_a pirate." Boss looked up.

"I don't understand." Howdy looked confused.

"A long time ago, there was a pirate captain called Hambone. He was the most feared pirate in the world. But he was vanquished by a fearless Navy general called Walnut. But Hambone was quick and took Walnut with him to the grave. Four years later, Hambone's son took the throne, and set out for revenge. He tore apart Walnut's house, looking for his heirloom, his locket. When Walnut's wife provided no help, they killed her. Walnut's son was captured by the crew, and no one has seen him since."

"That's a very thrilling tale, Boss," said Oxnard "but how does it tie into the reason they took Cappy?"

"They took Cappy because they wanted revenge on Walnut." Boss answered.

"But how does that affect you?" Hamtaro asked.

"Because," Boss looked grimly at Hamtaro "Walnut was my father."

**\*\*Where was Boss when his house came under attack? Why was he a pirate? What is going to happen to Cappy? Why do you think I'm going to tell you the answers now? You'll just have to wait until the next chapter. I know you have a lot of questions, but you need to hang on. All will become clear soonâ€|\*\***

### 3. Gleamjaw and Boss's past

**\*\*Arrgh by cappyandpashy4ever\*\***

**\*\*Thank you all for reviewing! The upcoming chapters will be very adventurous, so action lovers are welcome! Please read on and don't forget to review!\*\***

#### Arrgh Chapter 3: Gleamjaw and Boss's Past

Welcome back, reader. If I remember correctly, we just uncovered some rather shocking news about Boss. I know you are hungry for more tales of Boss's tragic past, but your questions will have to wait. Right now, we need to pay a visit to a certain green hat, and the hamster who was wearing itâ€|

Reader, what do you do too comfort yourself? Do you curl up in bed with a steaming mug of warm milk? Do you snuggle with your favorite stuffed animal? Reader, I can tell you that Cappy did none of these. He used his favorite scent to calm himself down as the gentle rockings of the boat shook him. Tell me, reader, what is your favorite scent? Ask anyone you know and I guarantee you will receive an answer like lavender, vanilla or ocean breeze. But what was Cappy's favorite scent, you may ask. Well, Cappy's favorite smell was not chamomile or cookie dough. It was the smell of his hat. A truly enchanting aroma of sweetness and tartness. It was an indescribable

feeling of joy and laughter. It was all the smells of the clubhouse.

It was around midday and Cappy could feel the light of the sun warming his fur. He wasn't in a cage, but what could he do? He was stranded on a ship that was in the middle of the ocean, none the less crawling with pirates. As he stared at the horizon, high above the turquoise waters, he could not have felt more out of place. More far away from home. Without thinking, he swiped his hat off of his ears and pressed it to his nose. All the scents of the clubhouse came back to him. There were smells of Bijou's fancy French perfume and of Panda's wood glue. He could sniff Stan's sweat after he arrived home after a long day of skateboarding, and the stench of newsprint wafting from Maxwell's new issue of the Ham-ham times. For a glimmering, shining moment, when Cappy closed his eyes, he could see the clubhouse. He saw Boss, digging yet another tunnel to expand the clubhouse, and Sandy, forever twirling her vivid red ribbon. He could see Hamtaro, leading the hamsters in what was sure to be another breathtaking adventure. And he saw Pashmina's dainty paws, stroking Penelope's ear as though she was her own. But then, Cappy opened his eyes. The images of happier days at the clubhouse were gone. All that sat before him was a dusty cabin room, a few rusted fishing poles, and an old oak chest in which a bloodstained axe was lodged. With a rush of realization, Cappy remembered where he was, and he started to cry.

"Now, now, what's wrong?" said a calming voice. A hamster in his early twenties stepped out of the shadows. Cappy's first impression was to scoot as far away from this strange new figure as possible. But as he stared into this unfamiliar hamster's eyes, he knew that here was a hamster he could talk to.

"I-I miss my friends." Cappy groaned, letting a salty tear slide down his face.

"I know how you feel." Replied the guest. "I was taken from my family at a young age too. But nowâ€¦"

"You-you're with them, aren't you!" Cappy stated with an accusatory glance.

"With the pirates? No, not at all. I was kidnapped too, a long time ago. Of course, there is one major difference."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you were taken as ransom. That means your friends will rescue you. But I, well, I was taken to serve the captain. And this is where I must stay." Cappy felt a twinge of pity, staring up into the wide face of this person.

"You-you mean my friends will come and save me?" he asked with wonder.

"Yes. If the pirates get what they want in return from them."

"But what do they want?"

"I'm sorry to say I don't know. As I said before, my only purpose is to serve the captain. No one tells me anything."

"Boy!" Cappy heard a gruff voice yell from down below. "Get yer scurvy legs down 'ere and whip us up some grub!" The new hamster leapt to his feet.

"That's the captain calling. Keep this safe for me will ya?" the man tosses a gold chain with a heart on the end to Cappy. Just as he crossed the doorway, Cappy yelled to him.

"By the way, I'm Cappy!"

"Nice to meet ya, Cappy. You can call me Gleamjaw." And he scurried out of the room.

"Gleamjaw." Cappy said out loud to himself. He stared down at the glint of gold he clutched in his paw. On the little golden heat, a large W was engraved. Cappy sat their, wondering what the captain wanted from the ham-hams. But now, Cappy knew the journey to wherever he may be going would be a lot easier now. For he had something more valuable than the shiniest treasure. He had a friend.

And now, reader, I take you back to the clubhouse, where Boss has just let loose a very odd piece of informationâ€¦

"You can't be serious." Stan stared at Boss. "You told us you were a field hamster. That you had no family."

"I, I thought you might be ashamed." Boss mumbled.

"But Boss," Hamtaro started. "There are still some things I don't understand."

"It's a horrible story." Boss stated. "I don't think you really-"

"Boss," Sandy stared into his eyes. "We've had it with this mystery routine. It's time for you to spill it." Boss looked up into the many staring faces of the ham-hams, and he knew that this time, there would be no escape.

"Alright. I'll tell you. When I was little, my dad was head of the Navy. You should have heard him rant about me when I grew up. He wanted me to become a Navy heir. He wanted me to take his place. But I didn't want to work with the Navy. I wanted to dig holes. But my dad wouldn't hear it. He said "You're going to be a Navy general if it kills you." So that's what I did."

"What do you mean?" Hamtaro asked, clueless.

"I killed myself." Boss uttered. All the hamsters gasped. "No, not like that. Around the time my brother was born, I ran away from home. They looked for me, but never found me. But it was risky. I had to make sure that my dad never found me, and could never turn me into a Navy ham. So I cut off a piece of my fur and dropped it into the water. I watched as my dad discovered it, floating gently away from the shore. He didn't even shed a tear. Without the risk of detection, everyone believing I had drowned, I could live freely in the forest. But the weather grew wild, and during a particularly bad storm, the wind blew me into the water. I felt like I was done for. I was slowly sinking lower and lower, and my lungs were filling with water. I



couldn't breath. But then I felt a warm paw pulling me up, and I fainted."

"What happened after that?" Pashmina asked.

"I woke up a few hours earlier. I was warm and dry and everything. I looked around me, and I discovered I was on a pirate ship! I snatched up my shovel and got ready to run, but then I remembered. The pirates saved me. So I was christened Silvershovel, and I lived with the pirates for four years. I was happy as could be, digging holes and burying treasure and such. I was asked to fight in the war, and I accepted. But when I found out that Captain Hambone killed my father, I knew I had to go. I never liked my father, and he never fancied me very much either. But I still held a grudge. I would have stayed have the pirates not found out that I was Walnut's son. I knew that just being related to the captain's killer was too great a crime to let me stay. They had plans to kill me, but I managed to escape with my life. I used a life boat and rowed to shore, where I began life as a new hamster. That's when I met you guys."

A long silence continued after Boss's speech. Finally, Hamtaro broke the silence.

"Have you seen your family since?" he asked.

"No." Boss said grimly. "I'm too big a traitor to face them again."

"So what do they want with you?" Sandy wondered aloud.

"They want my life." He stated. "They fear me. They knew that escaping from a pirate ship is no easy feat. They are afraid that I'll fight against them."

"So that's why they took Cappy. To lure you away." Maxwell figured.

"Yes."

"So what are you going to do about it." asked Bijou.

"I'm gonna save Cappy." Boss stated.

"Then we're coming with you!" a chorus of agreement followed Hamtaro's idea.

"No. This is my battle. You'll just get in the way." Boss walked out the door, and out of sight.

"So what do we do now, Hamtaro?" Pashmina asked him.

"We're gonna follow him." Hamtaro stated. With many nods from the ham-hams, he led them outside and into the darkness.

\*\*Well? Tell me watcha think! The pirates and the ham-hams meet in the next chap so be sure to review and keep reading Arrgh!\*\*

#### 4. Cappy's rescue and the stranded Hams

**\*\*Arrgh! By cappyandpashy4ever\*\***

**\*\*Wow, thanks guys for all the reviews! I want to warn you though, almost all (or perhaps all) of the chapters in this story will end in cliffhangers, including the end. Don't worry though, I do intend to make a sequel if people like the story enough. I would like to take a second to give thanks to Tsubaki Munegawa, who is currently in the process of writing a soundtrack for my story! To people who are reading this, please take a minute to check it out! I'd also like to warn people that there will be a bit of Pashmina/Cappy in this story, so if you support another couple, you better get lost. Anyway, I have a while to go before this story's finished, so I better get started now!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 4: Cappy's Rescue and the Stranded Hams\*\***

Cappy sat on the tough floor and slid a golden chain between his paws. As he felt the metal graze his hands he clasped his paw around the smooth metal heart dangling from it. The W engraved on it intrigued Cappy. He ran his paws over the curving letter, feeling every twist and turn. He examined it carefully until a gray hamster with white markings entered the room. He was carrying a large red sack on his back.

"Gleamjaw?" Cappy looked up into two wide eyes.

"I brought you some food, Cappy." Gleamjaw said, unfolding the sack, revealing a few slabs of bread, a lump of cheese, a few apple slices and a cluster of sunflower seeds.

Cappy instantly groped for the food and stuffed an apple slice into his mouth. "Thanks." He muttered on his third seed. "But why'd ya bring me food?"

"Oh, wellâ€¦" Gleamjaw looked sadly at his feet. "It's just, so you won't hate me too much after what I have to, have toâ€¦" But he was overcome by a burst of tears. Cappy had no idea what to do.

"Don't worry, I couldn't hate you." Cappy stated, patting him on the back.

"No," Gleamjaw sobbed. "You don't understand. The captain, he wantsâ€¦"

"What does he want?" Cappy asked.

"He wants me to, to, oh Cappy! He wants me to kill your rescuer!"

"What!" Cappy looked shocked at the wailing pirate. "Surely you don't-"

"Cappy, Hambone's power is stronger than any hamster. If I disobey him, he'll kill me!" Cappy was awestruck. If Gleamjaw disobeyed the captain, he'd be killed. If Cappy let Gleamjaw do it, his friend would be killed. What was he to do?

"Gleamjaw Iâ€¦" but when Cappy looked around the room, he was gone. Suddenly he heard a voice outside, the voice of the captain.

"So, Silvershovel, you decided to come eh? Well, come in. We'll set sail in a minute." And then another voice answered.

"Why are we sailing?"

"Well, as you may notice, as we are pirates, the people here aren't exactly friendly. We're going to Pirate island to discuss the, ahem, terms." Responded the captain.

"Let's get it over with." Said the other one. Cappy knew that voice. As the owner of the voice climbed upon the ship, Cappy realized, it was Boss.

And now reader, I take you to the ham-hams, who are right behind Boss and have thus far avoided detectionâ€¦

"Hamtaro! Boss is getting on that ship!" cried Pashmina. The hamsters were hiding behind a rather dark bush, watching Boss's enormous figure climb aboard the vast ship.

"Well, we're just gonna have to get on too!" said Hamtaro, leading the hams onto the deck.

"We have another quart o' brandy out on deck, go get us some." A pirate yelled. The hams heard footsteps and out walked a skinny hamster. Luckily, the hams had dived behind a crate just as the pirated had walked out. The pirate grabbed the drink and walked back in.

" 'amtaro! Zee ship! It iz sailing!" shouted Bijou, and she was quite right. This was bad. The hams were trapped on a ship full of brutal, bloodthirsty pirates. All they could do was watch helplessly as the dock got smaller and smaller in the distance.

After what seemed like hours, the ship finally came to a stop. The hams looked off the ship to see the greatest thing they'd ever seen. Land. They leapt off the ship and onto the sandy Island. But, as they heard multiple sets of paws walking off the ship, they quickly hid in a nearby forest, keeping an eye on the figures. Two of the figures they recognized. Boss was walking tall in back of a huge murky brown hamster who looked like the captain. The captain was dragging Cappy by the ear.

"Cappy!" Pashmina yelled, but she was muffled by Maxwell.

"If you reveal yourself, they'll probably kill you!" he whispered. They hams strained their ears to hear their conversation.

Reader, I take you now to Boss's point of view, as it is crucial to the story. Boss is just about to have a very intriguing talk with captain Hamboneâ€¦

"So," Hambone asked, more politely than he looked. "may I offer you some seeds?"

"Just skip to the point." Growled Boss, snarling at the captain.

"As you wish." Hambone responded. "You are here to make a trade with me. This little runt," he pointed at Cappy, "for your commitment to serve me."

"I'm not joining the ruddy pirates!" Boss shouted.

"Then we keep the boy and you die!" Hambone shrieked. "Gleamjaw!" a gray hamster with white patches stumbled over to Hambone's side. "Here's your weapon." The captain handed him a large sword. "And as an added bonus, this runt gets to watch you die." Hambone stuffed Cappy into a cage and set him beside Boss. "Gleamjaw and Silvershovel, together at last. Too bad it's not for long. Let the battle begin!"

"I don't know what you meant by that," Boss spat at Hambone, "but you're not getting me! Or Cappy!"

"Silvershovel," Gleamjaw sobbed. "I'm sorry!" he took a stab at Boss, but missed by a mile. Boss backed to the edge of the island.

"Forgive me Cappy!" Gleamjaw cried as he lunged and missed again. Boss escaped yet another swing, this time the sword hit Cappy's cage and shattered it to pieces.

"C'mere Cappy!" Boss gestured for Cappy to climb on his shoulders. Cappy did so as Boss began climbing the ship, dodging a close blow from Gleamjaw. Boss backed to the edge of the ship, Gleamjaw had him trapped. The gray hamster held the sword next to Boss's throat.

"I'm sorry Cappy." Gleamjaw cried, tears sliding down his face. "I'm sorry, Silvershovel."

"My name's not Silvershovel anymore!" Boss shouted, the sword still dangerously close. "I'm Boss!"

Gleamjaw dropped his sword; his eyes grew wide. "B-Boss?" he uttered, sounding amazed. "Here." Said Gleamjaw, handing Boss a yellow raft. "You and Cappy get out of here." Boss didn't ask questions. He climbed into the raft and threw it into the water. With Cappy still on his shoulders, they sailed away, into the wide ocean.

"Gleamjaw you idiot!" Hambone yelled. "You let them get away!"

"He knocked my sword out of my hand and stole the raft." Gleamjaw lied.

"After them!" shouted the captain, but Boss and Cappy were already miles away. Gleamjaw and the rest of the pirates boarded the ship and sailed towards the direction of Boss and Cappy.

A certain gaggle of hamsters hiding in the forest have just realized what has happened. Boss and Cappy are sailing away while being chased by a pirate ship. And they were trapped on an island, not just any island, Pirate island.

**\*\*Well, okay. This chapter kinda sucked but oh well. Deal with it. The next chapters will be more interesting, as well as very sad and emotional. Please keep reading and don't forget to review! And also, I'm starting a Ham-buddies list. What is a Ham-buddy you ask? Well, have you ever just wanted to talk to a fellow author? Here's your chance. If you want to participate, just write, sign me up for ham-buddies in your review! Then in a few days, look back at the**

review page and I'll put up a list of those who want to talk! Then just send a message to any of the people on the list and Walla! Instant buddy! Well, hope to see you all soon!\*\*

## 5. Pashmina's thoughts and Cappy's wish

**\*\*Arrgh by cappyandpashy4ever\*\***

**\*\*Hey guys! Thank you all for your support! This chapter is pure cuteness! I wish you all a very enjoyable time reading, and thanks to all the volunteers who signed up for Ham-Buddies! I'll put the list up at the end of this chapter. Anyway, hope you all like this chapter! Oh and just a note, in this story, Cappy is the same age as Hamtaro and the others. Penelope is still a baby and Boss is a bit older than all the others. With that out of the way, let chapter five begin!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 5: Pashmina's thoughts and Cappy's wish\*\***

"Why did we have to go follow Boss? WHY!"

"Stan, this isn't our fault." Sandy told him.

"That's right Sandy! It's not our fault. Was it not Hamtaro who suggested we follow Boss?"

"Yeah!" Maxwell glared at Hamtaro. It's your fault we're stranded on this island!" an angry chorus of yells broke out, mostly yelling at Hamtaro.

"Ham-hams! Zis will not solve anyzing! It'z az much 'amtaros fault az it iz everyone else's!" Bijou brought up, defending Hamtaro.

"Bijou's like, so right!" Sandy agreed. "We like, need to work together to get off this island!"

"Well," continued Dexter, "we'll never escape without a little rest. We might as well go to sleep and think about it in the morning."

"Hey Penelope," Howdy whispered to her, "ever hear about the ghost of pirate island? He jumps out at nigh while everyone's asleep, and he gobbles up the little kids as though they were juicy strawberries. He picks out the tastiest of the children andâ€|"

"OAKWEEEEEE!"

The next thing Howdy saw was a great big fist, coming so fast at his face that nothing could stop it. SMACK!

"Let me go! He'll pay for scaring Penelope like that!" Pashmina yelled as Sandy and Bijou fought to pull her flailing fists out of Howdy's reach.

"Girls!" Hamtaro yelled. "Stop fighting or none of us will get any sleep!"

Pashmina trudged over to her sleeping spot, conveniently placed as

far away from the other ham-hams as possible. She laid her head down in the soft sand and reflected on the days happenings.

\_\*\*Let's see. Cappy was kidnapped, Boss is wanted by pirates, we snuck behind Boss when he went to save Cappy and now Cappy and Boss are on a ship being chased by pirates\*\*. \_Then something in Pashmina's mind clicked. \*\*\_Cappy and Boss are being chased by pirates! Oh no! Boss is tough, and he can probably hold on, but Cappy, I don't know how long he can last! \_\*\*Pashmina began to fret. \*\*\_What if he's lost? What if he's separated from Boss? What if the pirates get him? \_\*\*Her eyes grew wide with fear. \*\*\_What if he's dead now? I'll never get to see him again! I'll never see his adorable green hat, or his silky brown ears, or his bright, shining eyes again!\_\*\*

But then Pashmina realized what she was thinking. \*\*\_Don't be ridiculous. \_\*\*She told herself. \*\*\_You don't love him. There's no reason to. Well, I guess he is always the first one to get me a birthday present. And he always sends me a valentine when everyone else forgets. And he does try to protect me in every way. Snap out of it. STOP IT!\_\*\* She yelled out loud to herself\*\*. \_I'm not falling for him. I'm not falling for him. I'm NOT falling for him!\_\*\* But then as realization hit her, a wide grin stretched her face. \*\*\_You're right. \_\*\*She responded to herself.\*\*\_ You're not falling for him. You're tumbling off a fifty foot cliff while screaming your head off for him. \_\*\*

She stood up and walked towards the water's edge. She gazed in at her reflection and spoke to herself. \*\*\_Pashmina, you truly are a pathetic thing. But you love him, so there's nothing you can do.\_\*\*

I fear to leave this touching scene, but it is crucial to the story that we take a visit now to Cappy and Boss, sailing into the darkness, still not knowing the dangers that are chasing themâ€¦|.

"Boss?" Cappy looked over to the other side of the raft. Boss was there, his head tilted to one side, clearly in a deep sleep. Cappy desperately wanted to talk to him. He had so many questions. Why did the pirates call you Silvershovel? Why did Gleamjaw let us go when you told him your name? And why, Boss, did they use me as bait?

Boss gave a tremendous snore and rolled over onto his back. Cappy sighed and closed his eyes. He pressed his hat to his eyes. There he saw flashing images of the ham-hams. There was Hamtaro, swinging from an ivy vine with Bijou crying after him to be careful. And Dexter, mocking yet another of Howdy's bad jokes. And there was Pashmina, her golden fur shimmering in the sunlight. Even remembering Pashmina made Cappy's heart go crazy. But then, new images arrived, each one more brutal than the last. He saw the inside of a black leather bag, and a pirate ship with a billowing flag. He saw Boss and Gleamjaw, locked in a fierce battle, tears spilling out of Gleamjaw's eyes. And he saw the huge sword, flailing at Cappy's cage, breaking the bars and allowing Cappy to climb on Boss's shoulders to safety. Cappy pulled his hat away from his eyes, but the visions of destruction and hopelessness still flashed in front of him.

But then Cappy remembered something. He was with Boss. And when he was with Boss, he was safe. And then reader, he did something

wonderful. He wished. Tell me, reader, what do you wish upon. A star, shining bright, one among millions? Perhaps a sparkling copper penny, thrown over the shoulder into a streaming fountain? Although the sky was filled with stars overhead, and Cappy was sure he had a spare penny in his hat, he wished not with items, but hope. For as his mom had taught him, if you wish with purest heart, and hopefulness, your wishes are sure to come true. And so, he raised his head into the night, and he did it, he wished.

Reader? What would you wish for at a time like this? To be returned home? To be rescued by a strong hero? Surely to find food and shelter? But no. Cappy wished for something different.

" I wish, wherever they are, for my friends to be safe. And Boss, please give Boss the strength to get through this. I know something's troubling him. Please, wishing spirit, let my wish be granted."

And, with all the hope in the world, Cappy laid down his head, and fell asleep, letting the waves rock the raft back and forth.

**\*\*Cute chap eh? Alright, here's the list of Ham-Buddies I promised y'all! Feel free to send a message to anyone on the list!\*\***

\_Tsubaki  
Munegawa\_

\_Sparkleshine101\_

\_Satu-Suzu\_

\_Angel73\_

\_Cappyandpashy4ever \_(so what if it's me?)

\_GenieMaster \_

**\*\*Well, there's the list! Please say hello to your new ham-buddies! This is cappyandpashy4ever, signing off.\*\***

## 6. A riddle a fiddle and Howdys new clothes

Arrgh! by cappyandpashy4ever

**\*\*Well, hello to all the readers who actually came this far into the story! I'm so pleased on how well this story is turning out! This chapter will be one of the more humorous chapters so enjoy it while it lasts! Well, I better get started! This is cp4ever signing off.\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 6: A riddle, a fiddle and Howdy's new clothes\*\***

Gleamjaw stood on the deck of the slowly sailing ship, watching the waves roll swiftly along the water's top and smashing before ever reaching the beach. Gleamjaw's head was swimming with thought. He thought of Cappy, now being chased by Gleamjaw himself without even knowing it. He thought about Boss, whom he thought was dead. He thought about how Boss didn't even seem to know who he was. **\*\*It must be the dirt. \*\***Gleamjaw thought, remembering Boss's look when he had told him and Cappy to run. He thought about the locket, now dangling

from Cappy's neck. Would Boss even recognize it? Deep in thought, he was abruptly disturbed by the shouts of his fellow pirates.

"Captain Hambone, the enemy is within reach!" shouted Crossbones.

"Good." Replied Hambone. "Prepare to fight!"

Gleamjaw looked over the side of the boat. A small yellow raft carrying two passengers was drifting in the waves ahead.

"Oh no!" Gleamjaw said to himself. He grabbed a scrap of parchment and scribbled furiously, staining his paws with ink. He stuffed the paper into a small bottle and threw it over the edge. It was caught in a current and floated back towards Pirate Island. "I can only hope that the note reaches good paws." Gleamjaw sighed, watching the bottle go.

Many yawns were made by the ham-hams waking up on the shore of the island.

"Morning all." Said Maxwell, trying to brighten this otherwise gloomy situation.

"Morning Max." Sandy responded.

"Has anyone seen Howdy this morning?" asked Pashmina. "I have to beat him to a pulp for what he did to Penelope."

"You know, I don't see Howdy anywhere." Said Hamtaro. He was quite right; Howdy was nowhere to be found.

"Well, I guess we're just going to have to wait and- Howdy!" Oxnard noticed his comedian friend walking towards them from the center of the island.

"What are you wearing?" asked Bijou, pinching her nose.

"Oh this?" Howdy chuckled a bit. "I got it at a clothing shop in town!" he pointed along a row of palm trees where there was a small hole in the rock wall. "Yep, just go through there and you'll find the town!"

"Please change out of that 'orrible outfit!" cried Bijou. Howdy did look quite ridiculous. He wore a pair of shiny black boots along with a pair of fishnet stockings. Bundled around his torso was a large orange kimono. Howdy paid no attention to this heat from Bijou and merely skipped about merrily, playing a new fiddle that he apparently also got at a pirate shop.

"Hey Maxwell, what are you like, doing? Sandy asked, running over to Maxwell who was sitting by the water's edge.

"Oh, I just saw this floating in the water and I thought I should pick it up for research purposes." Maxwell responded, holding up a light green tinted bottle.

"Hey! There's like, a note inside!" Sandy exclaimed, snatching the bottle from Maxwell and reaching in for the note. She unfolded it and scanned over the writing.



"What does it say?" asked Hamtaro. Him and the others had formed a small ring around Sandy.

"I like, don't understand." Said Sandy. "This doesn't make sense." She read aloud.

Take the first and last

\_Of each line you pass\_

\_Go meet there at eight\_

\_On the day of Agate\_

"Got any ideas Maxwell?" asked Dexter.

"Not a clue." Maxwell took the note and leaned against a tree, deep in thought.

"Hey! We missed something." Exclaimed Pashmina, unfolding another scrap of parchment. "It's a map!"

Maxwell stepped over to see the map. "This appears to be a map of Pirate Island. Everything is named after famous Pirates."

"Hmm," said Hamtaro, looking at the riddle. "What's the day of Agate?"

"According to my book," said Maxwell, opening his large blue dictionary. "It's a day named after Cornelius Agate, the pirate who founded this island. Oh no!"

"What, Max?" asked Sandy.

"The day of Agate is tomorrow! We've got to solve this puzzle soon!" Maxwell snatched up the papers and sat down in a serious thinking position. Howdy began playing his fiddle again.

"Boss! Wake up!" Boss awoke to Cappy's startled yells.

"What's the matter?"

"The pirates!" Cappy pointed to a huge advancing ship.

"Paddle!" Boss yelled, tossing Cappy an old wooden oar. The two began stroking, not daring to look back. As Boss paddled furiously, the corner of his eye caught a gleam of gold around Cappy's neck.

"What's wrong Boss?" Cappy asked at Boss's bewildered expression.

"Nothing." Boss responded, snapping out of his trance. "Just keep rowing!"

Suddenly the two felt a huge current pulling them in the opposite direction. A powerful current was pulling them back towards the island.

"We're caught in a current!" Cappy yelled.

"Ha ha!" yelled Boss triumphantly. "A current leading away from the pirates!" They rode the current until the pirates were out of sight and they were able to stop at the island.

"Phew!" said Cappy. "We made-" Cappy stopped quickly, noticing something on the island.

"Cappy, what's wrong?" said Boss, taking a look on the island. It was then that he noticed what Cappy was staring at.

"Ham-hams?"

\*\*I know, short chapter! The next one shall be very long, I think. The next chapter has some tragedy and adventure so be sure to keep reading Arrgh!\*\*

## 7. A short reunion and Cappy's sorrow

\*\*Well howdy ho! Welcome to Arrgh! Chapter 7! You know what I just realized? Since I changed the rating of this story from K plus to T, I can now swear in this story! I know I updated way too soon, but I couldn't wait! This chap is gonna be so fun to write, and only the heartless will have dry eyes by the end of this chapter! I'm glad to have this opportunity to touch all you readers out there! I hope this chapter makes you really sad! Okay, I didn't mean it that way. What I meant to say was-what I want to-just get on with the story already! This is cappyandpashy4ever signing off.\*\*

\*\*Arrgh! By cappyandpashy4ever\*\*

\*\*Chapter 7: A short reunion and Cappy's sorrow\*\*

Recapâ€|

It was then that Boss noticed what Cappy was staring at.

"Ham-hams?"

"BOSS!" yelled Sandy, Bijou and Pashmina. The three ran to their friend and gave him immense hugs.

"You followed me?" asked Boss, turning slightly blue from all the squeezes.

"Of course we did you idiot!" Pashmina responded, glaring at him. "How could we let you go by yourself, you're such a noble jerk, leaving us all behind! We're not afraid to get our paws dirty you know!"

Before Boss was able to respond, Pashmina noticed Cappy standing beside him.

"And you!" cried Pashmina, rushing to Cappy and throwing her paws around his neck. "You are never aloud to do something that foolish again! I mean, Boss can handle himself but you are so naÃ¬ve to go out there on your own! You had us so worried! What you did was

reckless and stupid! Stupid, stupid, stupid!"

"Pashmina?" Cappy interrupted her.

"WHAT?"

"You're banging my head against a tree."

"Oh!" exclaimed Pashmina, releasing the now very bruised Cappy and turning slightly red. (Out of embarrassment or blushing, I can't say)

"So," Boss said, seriously. "Are you telling me that you guys all followed me and have been stranded on this island for a whole day because you wanted to make sure I was alright?"

"Y-yes." Hamtaro answered for all the hams. He put his arms over his face, ready for Boss to explode. What happened was a very different reaction. Boss burst out laughing.

"Uh, Boss? You okay, man?" asked Stan.

"Y-yeah!" said Boss, crying with mirth.

"Can you stop laughing in enough time to explain what's going on?" Sandy asked.

"S-sorry." Boss stopped laughing. "Well, where should I start?"

And with that, Boss and Cappy explained all the happenings of the day.

Later that night, all the hams had fallen asleep on the sandy shores of Pirate Island. It was near daybreak when Cappy was awoken by a shrill shriek.

"Hey Cappy, didja invite someone for tea?" Howdy asked, inserting a bit of humor into his otherwise fearful voice.

"Yawn-nope, why?" Cappy responded, rubbing his eyes in a severely annoyed fashion.

"Because we've got guests!" Howdy exclaimed, pointing into the turquoise sea.

Cappy looked across the shining waters, and gasped. A dot. Not just any dot. A small brown dot, growing ever larger, with a billowing black flag. The pirates had followed them.

"Boss!" yelled Cappy, startling Boss so he jumped a foot in the air. (This is pretty big for a hamster.)

"Wha-?" Boss stated, his eyes squinting in the unaccustomed light. In response, Cappy rotated Boss's head so the ship was in direct view. Boss's eyes grew wide. "Ham-hams! Wake UUUPPP!" yelled Boss, causing all the ham-hams to leap out of their sandy slumber.

"What's your problem?" Pashmina asked, sarcastically.

"It's them!" Boss pointed a trembling finger. Many gasps were heard.

Only Maxwell remained calm.

"Alright hams!" the tall bookish hamster yelled; the talking ceased. "I've accurately calculated the distance and the location of said ship, plus the arrival time and approximate speed due to wind point and current."

"What in ham-hell does that mean?" asked Howdy, raising an eyebrow.

"It means," said Maxwell impatiently. "That we have about five seconds to hide Boss and Cappy before the pirates come within sight range." Disaster pursued this last saying. Ham-hams began scurrying around in a desperate attempt to find something to hide Cappy and Boss with. Dexter ran around a tree, several coconuts falling in on him in the process. Penelope squealed with fright at the pirates, flailing her arms as Pashmina tried to calm her down. Boss tried to dig a hole. As he dug, a clump of dirt flew out and landed on Oxnard, who immediately tried to strangle Boss.

"STOP IT!" Maxwell shrieked. The hams froze in their current position; Oxnard's paws still clutched around Boss's throat. Maxwell ran up to Howdy and snatched off his kimono and boots.

"Hey! I'll have you know that's real fake silk!" Howdy cried, angrily. Upon seeing Maxwell's eyes nearly flash red with rage; he shut up and backed down.

"Put these on." Maxwell said calmly, tossing the kimono to Boss and the boots to Cappy. Boss managed to pull the bright orange cloth over his head, hiding his face from sight. Cappy struggled into the boots giving him the impression that he was taller. He removed his hat and hid it behind his back, making him totally unrecognizable.

They seemed to be just in time. Just as Cappy looked up, the brown ship was right on the bay, and Captain Hambone was clambering out of the ship as well as Gleamjaw and Crossbones.

"You fellows seen a big, beefy hamster w' a little green kid go by?" Captain Hambone asked in his low, gruff voice.

"Fraid not, sir." Hamtaro said in a flawless English accent.

"Thank'ee for yur time." said Hambone. "Crew, let's go search the next island, they might be there already." He led his team into the bowels of the ship, and they shoved off.

"Yes!" Cappy cried in happiness. "We pulled it off!"

"Shh!" Maxwell scolded. "They might be able to hear us! It's best that we stay in uniform until they're out of sight."

"Thanks again. Tell us if ya see somethin." The captain called from the ship.

"Will do, sir!" chortled Cappy as the ship sailed almost out of sight. It was then that he made a terrible mistake—

Gleamjaw stood on the deck of the ship, hanging his paws off the

edge. He watched the island shrinking as the ship under his feet sailed away. He looked into the faces of the group of hamsters standing awkwardly on the beach. He saw an orange and white hamster, standing next to a girl with white pigtailed. A small yellow female leaped up and down beside a blonde girl with a pink scarf. His eyes fell over a large muscular hamster, entirely shrouded in a flaming scarlet kimono. His gaze was then caught by a tall ham-ham wearing boots, who looked strangely familiar.

"Will do, sir!" bellowed the ham in boots. He began jumping and waving. Gleamjaw thought he saw a gleam of color against the white neck of the hamster wearing boots. But it was soon covered by one of his flailing arms as he waved madly at the pirates. Gleamjaw stood, very confused. Did he just see what he think he saw? He stared at the ham a little more, and he saw it again. This time a little more clearly, despite the ship moving back in the opposite direction. A bright gleam of gold, appearing in a heart shape around the tall hamster's neck. He put two and two together. He ran to the captain.

"Sir!" Gleamjaw called once he reached the captain's quarters.

"Dammit Gleamjaw! This better be important!" shouted Hambone from inside the room. A scuffling of feet was heard and the door opened wide, revealing the large figure of the captain.

"Sir, I justâ€¦" Gleamjaw trailed off. He realized what he was doing. He was betraying the only friend he had ever found on that dingy little ship. Did Cappy really deserve it?

"What?" the captain yelled.

"Nothing, sir."

"Y'can't 'ave just come here for no reason! What were ya gonna say?"

"Nothing."

"I'm giving ya one last chance ta tell me 'afore I get angry!"

"I told you, nothing."

"That's it!" shouted Hambone, pulling out a small pistol. "Tell me or I'll shoot!"

Gleamjaw looked from the gun to Hambone's livid face. He remembered Cappy and the locket. And he remembered Boss, the person who he thought dead. Did they all deserve it?

"I'm not saying anything, sir." Said Gleamjaw, bracing himself.

"Alright! I warned ya!" said the captain. His finger slipped to the trigger. He inched the trigger towards him. Gleamjaw gulped, and he knew he couldn't go through with it.

"Wait!"

"I knew you'd be too chicken to take it." Said the captain with a satisfied smirk.

These words stung Gleamjaw. He knew it was true, and the stinging pain of it was almost too much to bear.

"Let's hear what you've got ta say." Hambone ordered.

"It's Cappy sir. The green hat one, I mean."

"Aye, you saw him?"

"Yes, he was the ham in the boots. I expect Bo- Silvershovel was in the kimono."

"You've served me well, Gleamjaw." Said the captain with cold, emotionless eyes. "Crossbones!" he called.

"Yes, sir?" Crossbones responded.

"We've spotted the runaways. It's too obvious to turn back to the island, we need to ambush em. Set a course for the opposite end of Pirate Island. It's not a large island so we'll be there by sunset."

"On it, captain!" Crossbones agreed, shifting the controls slightly.

"I'm sorry." Whispered Gleamjaw so only he could hear himself.

It was close to sunset. The sun seemed to be preparing itself for color change; its deep orange melting into vivid red at the end. The hams were just enjoying a moment of sweet relaxation, thinking that they were all safe and had avoided trouble. How very wrong they were. The ham-hams lay on the beach basking in the sun and tanning their fur when they were rudely awoken from their peaceful thoughts to the sound of Maxwell's panicked screams.

"Oh no! Oh no!" cried Maxwell, running up and down the beach.

"Like, what's wrong Max?" Sandy sighed, embracing him around the shoulders.

"It's today!" Maxwell cried in a frenzied cry.

"What's today?" asked several hams.

"The day of Agate!" Maxwell replied. "And it's almost eight!"

The hams suddenly remembered the note.

"How are we gonna figure out this riddle?" Hamtaro and most of the others asked.

"I don't know!" Maxwell cried. "I can't do everything! It could be as complicated as a puzzle that could take years to solve, or it could be as simple as taking the first and last letter from each line and unscrambling it to spell a word on theâ€|theâ€|"

A blank expression stretched across Maxwell's face. He took the note

and the map and sat down in the sand, scribbling profusely in the sand with a large stick.

"I've got it!" Maxwell cried after a long time. By now, the sun almost all disappeared behind the horizon. Only a small dab of sun remained.

"What did you figure?" asked Dexter, straightening his bowtie in front of Pashmina.

"I took the first and last letter of each line and scrambled the letters, creating the name of a place! The word is Tostegot. According to my book, Armado Tostegot was the first pirate to fly the Jolly Rodger, or the traditional pirate flag."

"So you're sayingâ€|?" asked Hamtaro, cluelessly.

"That this name corresponds to a place on the map." Replied Maxwell in triumph. "Tostegot Bridge to be specific. It's my guess that there is where we will meet this "mystery writer" if you will."

"Like, way to go Maxwell!" Sandy cheered with much support from the ham-hams.

"It's a quarter to eight so we better follow the map and find this place!" said Boss. He led the ham-hams towards the small hole in the rock that Howdy had found; the one that lead towards town and, hopefully, a friend.

The pirates arrived at the opposite end of Pirate Island around evening. They were tired and hungry, so they all agreed to find shelter and go on the runaway search tomorrow.

As it was evening on the day of Agate, the most highly celebrated day for pirates, it was not easy for Hambone's crew to find a hotel to stay at. After much searching, they found a large in with a few vacant rooms. The crew checked in and went up to their rooms.

Gleamjaw sat on his bed, staring at his watch. It was almost time. If the others just left him alone for a few minutesâ€|

"Alright, men." Hambone announced. "Let's go down to the kitchens and steal us some grub."

The captain lead his crew out of the room, but Gleamjaw tailed behind.

"Coming, Gleamjaw?" asked Crossbones.

"I'll, I'll come down in a minute." He said, looking at his watch. It was time.

"Suit yerself." Crossbones responded with a gleam in his eye.

Gleamjaw tried to shake the look of suspicion in Crossbones' eyes as he jumped out of the window of his room. He stepped onto a nearby tree branch and scooted himself down the tree. He soon found himself on the ground.

"I hope I'm not late!" Gleamjaw cried, scurrying into the forest. His cries were lost in the bustle of the busy streets.

"Well, this is the place!" said Maxwell, looking at the map. It was a small, mossy bridge stretching across a small stream in the middle of a clump of trees. The ham-hams were the only ones there.

"Where is that writer guy?" asked Hamtaro.

"I expect he's just running a bit late, that's all." Said Pashmina, reassuringly.

"Unless this isn't the right place!" Dexter called, eyes glaring at Maxwell.

"Yeah! How're we supposed to tell if this place is even the right stop?" Howdy asked angrily. A large crowd of hamsters gathered around Maxwell, yelling and arguing and fighting.

"I don't understand!" cried Maxwell, looking rapidly at the map and back to the bridge in front of him. "All my estimations were accurate and my locating was the definition of perfection! Unless—oh no! I must've calculated the area coding wrongly! I better redo everything!"

"Don't do that. I reckon you've found that right place." Said a voice that Cappy recognized. A thin, gray male hamster emerged from the trees.

"Are you zee one that sent zee riddle?" asked Bijou.

"Yes." Said the new ham.

"It's you!" cried Boss, fury etched in his features. "You're the one who tried to kill me!" Boss mad a mad dash for the boy and sprung on top of him, his arm clenching around his neck.

"Going to kill me, Boss?" said the hamster with watery eyes.

"Boss! No!" called Cappy, pulling Boss off of him. "He's good. He's the one who gave me this locket." Cappy heal up the tiny gold heart.

"Where'd you get that?" asked Boss in an accusing tone. "That was my father's locket! You're a pirate! You stole it from my father didn't you!"

"I knew your father very well; he would've wanted me to have it." Said the grey hamster calmly.

"WHO ARE YOU!" Boss yelled.

"They know me as Gleamjaw," he said. "But you may call me Glen."

"G-Glen?" Boss stuttered.

"What's the matter Boss?" Glen teased. "Don't you recognize your own brother?"



"Oh Glen!" cried Boss, happy tears welling in his eyes. "You've grown so much! You're a real man now. Dad would've been proud. And I bet Mom is too. How is she?"

"Dead." Said Glen, mercilessly. "The pirates killed her."

"Then why," said Boss. "Did you join the bloody pirates?"

"They forced me, Boss." Said Glen. "I can't stand up to those pirates."

"Ah, you were always a hopeless fighter, Glen." Boss sighed, hugging him.

"Why did you need to meet us?" asked Hamtaro.

"Well, it wasn't easy getting here. I had to sneak out. But I called you here because you guys need to hide from the pirates."

"But why?" asked Stan.

"Because," said Boss. "I refused to serve the pirate Captain. Now he wants my head."

"Let me help you hide." Glen suggested. "The pirates will be searching for you in the morning so you need a good place. If you guys will give me some fur, I can make it look like you got eaten by a cat."

"It all make sense now." Said Maxwell. "But there's still one thing I don't understand. Why did you send that message in riddle instead of just text?"

"For one thing," Glen responded. "That message wasn't meant for just anyone. Only hams that could figure it out. Cappy told me stories about a smart hamster who was his friend."

"Thanks Cappy." Maxwell whispered.

"Also," continued Glen. "Writing messages to outsiders ins only allowed in riddle. I know it seems silly but the pirates did give me food and shelter for a long time. I thought that you and Mom and Dad were all gone, and that I was alone. I owe my life to them, the least I could do was abide by their rules."

"You can write riddles but you can't even sneak out of hotels without being caught?" said a voice from the trees. Two pirates stepped out from the foliage. They were the ones that Glen knew as Redfeather and Sparrowtail.

"We've heard all about your touching stories." Said Redfeather.

"But I'm afraid we can't let you lot get away." Said Sparrowtail. "The captain will be very pleased to hear that we killed the runaways."

"We were going to let you lot live, but since you've helped these fugitives, I'm afraid you're going to have to die as well." Redfeather spoke.

"And you, Gleamjaw." Sparrowtail smirked. "I've been restraining myself from ringing your little neck for years. You're going to be fun to torture."

"I told you my name's GLEN!" he yelled. "Run!" he told the ham-hams. They all ran down a small spiraling rock bridge on the side of a cliff. Before the pirates could follow them, Boss slammed his shovel against the rock and it shattered as easily as glass.

"And that's why they call me Silvershovel." Said Boss proudly.

"Damn it all!" yelled Redfeather. Sparrowtail pointed at something and whispered into his ear. A wide grin stretched Redfeather's face.

"Well, if we can't kill all of you," said Sparrowtail.

"At least we can get rid of the green one!" finished Redfeather. Together, the two pirates pushed a large rock over the ledge of the cliff. The pirates scampered off into the night, laughing manically. The rock fell fast and swift, and it was falling in the direction ofâ€|

"CAPPY!" Yelled Pashmina, but she knew she wasn't fast enough.

"Oh no! I'm not losing you!" Yelled Boss, running to Cappy and pushing him out of the way. The rock crashed down and Boss stood holding the rock above his head with difficulty.

"Boss!" said Cappy. "Just throw the rock off of you!"

"Iâ€|can't!" strained Boss. "I'm not that strong! And I might hit one of you! One death is better than two."

Cappy realized what Boss was going to do.

"No!" he yelled. "We'll help you!"

"Noâ€| Cappy. I won'tâ€|endanger you allâ€|like this. This is my battle, and I've lost."

"No Boss!" Cappy yelled desperately. "You can still do it! You just have to try!"

"No Iâ€|can't!" Boss called back, his arms bending a little under the enormous pressure.

"Yes you can!"

"Noâ€|Iâ€|CAN'T!" Boss screamed. His arms went a little limp and he seemed to stop struggling. Boss saw the stunned look on Cappy's face. "It's okay." He spoke. "With me out of the way, the pirates willâ€|have no reason to come after you. And besides," a sad smile stretched Boss's face. "I'll get to see my mom, and dad, again."

With that, the last bit of strength in Boss's muscle was drained from him, and the rock crashed down.

"Cappy." Spoke a voice. Cappy looked up to see Hamtaro, his eyes red and blotchy. Cappy did not respond. "Cappy." Hamtaro spoke again. Cappy ignored him.

"Cappy." Spoke a soft, feminine voice. Not Hamtaro, Pashmina. "Cappy, there's nothing we can do. He's, he'sâ€¦" her voice trailed off. A tear escaped her eyes.

"\_Ah, Pashmina." \_Cappy thought. \_"She truly is a fine girl. But so oblivious to the truth. Boss is not gone. We simply have to wait here and he'll come climbing up from under that rock. They'll see. We just have to wait."\_

And so they did wait. For ten minutes, or perhaps a few hours, or maybe several sorrowful days.

"Cappy." trembled Pashmina. "He's not coming back."

Cappy's knees buckled. He kneeled down in the dirt and cried. Cried his eyes out until they were dry. Then Cappy looked up at the rock where he knew Boss's body lay under, however mangled. It was then that something hit Cappy, hard. It was as if a rock equally sized to the one he just laid eyes upon, had fallen on Cappy's heart, smashing it to pieces.

It was then that he realized something. Boss, the hams who had always had some final trick up his sleeve, who had always been there for Cappy when he needed him most, couldn't do everything. Boss could build a flawless clubhouse, dig a whole the size of a crater, and rescue Bijou from rushing river rapids.

But when it came to this, Boss could save Cappy, he could save the ham-hams, but he couldn't save himself.

\*\*Okay, that was really horrible for a death scene. But it was the best I could do. I hope I left some of you teary eyed. The next scene won't be cheery either, but I do hope you all read on!  
â€"cp4ever\*\*

## 8. A new hope

Arrgh! by cappyandpashy4ever

\*\*That's right people! This is the final chapter! A little sadness, a little romance, and a mysterious end that will make you beg for Arrgh2! I've also included a sneak peek of the sequel so be on the lookout! Well, begin reading the beginning of the end of the begin-oh just read it already!\*\*

\*\*Chapter 8: A new hope\*\*

Night had fallen over Pirate Island. Glen stood beside the rock where he knew his brother lay. He allowed several tears to slide down the bridge of his nose, dappling the sand with salty drops.

"Noâ€¦" Glen spoke to himself. Boss could not have just gone away like that. He had so many years to catch up on with him. "This is those damn pirates' fault." Glen shuddered, wiping a tear from his cheek. His sorrow was suddenly replaced with a different emotion.

Unimaginable, merciless, fury. He ran to the edge of the island and looked out over the sea. The same sea that had claimed his father's life.

"I won't let you pirates get away!" screamed Glen. "You hear me? You'll pay for what you've done to my family!"

"I'm with you, Glen!" exclaimed Cappy, shaking a bit and with swollen eyes.

"The ham-hams will show no mercy!" shouted Stan, clenching his fist. "Glen, can you lead us to the hotel room where the pirates are staying?"

"It'll do us no use." Replied Glen. "The way I know Redfeather, he's already convinced Hambone to leave the island. They'll probably be at the dock already."

"Well, that's where we'll go too!" said Hamtaro, trying to insert a note of bravery into his shuddering voice.

"HAM-HAM POWER!" shouted all the hams, watery.

Glen led them to the dock where, just as he predicted, a large brown ship sat, slowly setting sail.

"They're not getting away this time!" cried Cappy as he leapt onto the ship. The other hams followed.

"Didn't we tell you to die already?" asked a sly voice that could only belong to a certain Crossbones. The large muscular hamster protruded from the shadows, unsheathing a long, silver sword. "This time, you will not survive!" Crossbones swung his sword at Cappy.

CHINK! Then came the sound of metal on metal. Glen had rushed in front of Cappy, drawing his own sword and shielding Cappy with it.

"Where's dear Silvershovel to protect the young one?" Crossbones smiled slyly, taking another swing at Cappy, which Glen easily blocked.

"He's dead thanks to your sorry attempts." Glen spat at him.

"Always knew that Silvershovel was too protective for his own good." Snarled Crossbones, taking another swing that was repelled by Glen.

"Don't you dare talk about my brother that way!"

"And what if I do?"

"Then I'll kill you."

"I'd like to see that!" snarled Crossbones. (Yes, what comes next isâ€¦you guessed it. A fight scene! This fight is dedicated to my good friend Tsubaki Munegawa, who I hear like fight scenes quite a bit!)

"AIIIEEE!" shouted Glen, smashing his sword into Crossbones'.

"You'll have to do better than that!" cried Crossbones, taking a rapid swing at Glen, who darted out of the way.

"You've terrorized my friends for long enough!" shouted Glen, cutting his sword through the air. Miraculously, he heard a cry of pain as the sword made contact with Crossbones' foot.

"Aye, your gonna pay for that!" Crossbones swung the sword fiercely, making a small cut on Glen's ear.

Faa-shoom! Glen's sword sliced through the air with lightning speed, knocking Crossbones' sword out of his paws. Glen advanced on Crossbones, holding his sword on his shoulder in a ready-to-strike pose.

Surprisingly, a contorted smile stretched Crossbones' face. "G-going to kill me, boy? The one who was always caring for you as a pirate? The one who always snuck food into your bunk when Hambone didn't feed you? You owe me, Gleamjaw, and killing a few hamsters is too hard for you? I know you don't have it in you to do it, Gleamjaw."

"I will never betray my friends. My true friends. Andâ€¦" said Glen, leaping into the air and preparing to strike. "My name's Glen!"

A slicing sound came after this, followed by a piercing shriek, a gentle drip of blood, and Crossbones was no more.

"Glenâ€¦" Cappy muttered as he tore his eyes away from the mangled pirate.

"Shh!" snapped Glen, perking his ears. Footsteps were growing ever closer. "They're coming!"

"The pirates?" Hamtaro questioned. "We'll kill them all."

"There are too many of them." Glen repeated. "We have to find some force that will wipe them allâ€¦" his voice trailed off as a huge group of pirates emerged from the inside of the ship.

"What's going on?" asked one of the pirates.

"Dammit! They've gone and killed Crossbones!" said another.

"It's those people!" responded a third. "Aren't they the ones that the captain told us to kill?"

"I'd notice that stench anywhere." Said the first. "It's the traitor Glen and his faithful companions. Kill them!"

The large group of pirates began to advance on the ham-hams. Some wielding swords, others maces and still others, pointy sticks.

"What was that idea of your earlier?" asked Cappy frantically, backing away from the group into a corner.

"We need something that will cause a large blast, something that will wipe out every single one of them." Responded Glen, dodging a few swings.

Cappy's eyes darted around, looking for a weak spot. Finally, he found it. A blazing hatch in the middle of the ship, steaming with coal. The furnace.

"Get everyone off the ship." Cappy told Glen.

"No, I won't leave you." Replied Glen as he and Cappy dodged a few more blows.

"Please Glen." Cappy pleaded.

"Alright, promise me you'll be okay."

"I can't promise thatâ€¦" Cappy stopped as Glen's face fell. "It's okay, I have Boss's strength on my side."

Glen smiled sadly, handed Cappy his sword and leaped the crowd, pushing all the others off the ship. Except one. Pashmina.

"Cappy," she stated, firmly. "I won't go. I'll fight with you forever."

"But Pashminaâ€¦" Cappy stopped at the stubborn look on Pashmina's face. "How good are you with a sword?"

"We'll soon find out." She responded, snatching Crossbones' sword that lay a few feet away.

Cappy and Pashmina battled their way to the furnace, clashing their swords. By the time they reached their destination, the mirror-like silver blades were coated with crimson.

"Pashmina," Cappy said quickly. "Before the pirates get up, you need to get back to the others. It's too dangerous for you from here."

Pashmina nodded and returned to the others on the dock.

"Aiiiah!" shouted Cappy, thrusting his sword into the furnace. The sword instantly began to melt. "Damn!" Cappy swore. "I need a bigger sword!" His eyes darted around, and came upon a large and rather beefy pirate carrying an enormous steel blade. Cappy leaped into the air and kicked the pirate in the head, quickly knocking him out and causing him to drop the sword. Cappy grabbed the handle of the blade, but was unable to lift it.

"Heh!" laughed another pirate. "The little green one's trying to pick up Hamwood's sword!" A chorus of jeering followed these words.

"I may still be Cappy," he said, smiling up at the pirates. "But I have Boss's strength now. Andâ€¦ I won't let you win!" Cappy gave an enormous upward thrust, and the sword lifted in his paws. He took one last glance at the stunned pirates, and then he threw the sword across the ship.

"Hah! The little runt's gone mental!" chimed a dancing pirate to cheers of laughter.

"Don't be so sure." smiled Cappy, pointing to the sword. The blade

was moving fast and not slowing for anything. Several pirates darted out of the way. Then, with a deafening thud, the sword hit the furnace. At first, all was silent. Then came a low rumbling sound. And then—FWOOSH! A huge burst of flame shot out of the furnace as it exploded! Before anybody could do anything, the fire rushed forward, taking out all the pirates who stood too close to the furnace.

"Cappy! RUN!" yelled several ham-hams. Cappy was already sprinting down the length of the ship. Crack! Cappy's ankle snapped as he tripped over a body. And soon, the orange light engulfed his form.

"CAPPY!" screamed Pashmina, tears spilling out of her eyes. Before anyone could stop her, she ran straight into the blaze.

Pashmina had no inkling of what she was doing. She rushed into the fire without caring. She turned over blackened boards and lumps of coal in a mad frenzy to find Cappy. Without noticing that her scarf had caught fire, she ran forward as a cloud of smoke encircled her head. Then, she saw it. A tiny spark of green in the mass of swirling crimson.

"P-Pashmina." Cappy choked. "G-go back. You can still make it."

"No—" Pashmina sobbed. "I'll take you back with me."

"It's already too late—" Cappy's voice trailed off.

"Then I choose to die here with you."

The impact of these words forced a smile out of Cappy.

"Pashmina—" Cappy coughed through the smoke.

"Yes, Cappy?" she stared at him with shining eyes.

"I—I want to say so much more" he grinned. "Then a simple I love you."

"You've said enough already."

As the air around them grew thin, Pashmina laid her head in Cappy's lap, and they closed their eyes, as one.

Cappy opened his eyes. He was lying in a lush, green pasture. The sky was a bright and cloudless blue and a bubbling river flowed in the open. Pashmina was still lying in his lap.

"Pashmina, wake up." Cappy shook her a bit. She grunted a bit, but didn't open her eyes.

"Let her sleep." Spoke a soft voice from above. Cappy looked up into the spreading branches of a shadowing tree. There, in the uppermost branch, knelt a dazzlingly beautiful hamster with long raven black curls. She wore a silver kimono and in her left paw she held an oaken chest that seemed to be glowing slightly. The girl jumped down from the tree, landing perfectly on her feet.

"Who are you?" asked Cappy. "And what is this place? Why are we here?"

"I," spoke the girl. "Am Huntira, the soul keeper. This is the place where all hamsters come after they die, before I take their souls to the spirit realm."

"Am I dead?"

"Not until I take your soul. As of now, you and your friend are neither alive nor dead."

"Are you going to take mine and Pashmina's soul?" asked Cappy.

"That is what I'm here for, I'm afraid."

"Okay, just make it quick." Said Cappy. He pulled Pashmina's sleeping form to him, and braced himself.

Huntira raised her paw. A wonderful sensation came over him. It was warming his entire body. He could feel his soul leaving his body behind as a rushing flood of enjoyment obstructed his mind.

"Dying really isn't do bad." Thought Cappy. But then, the sensation stopped, and he opened his eyes to find himself back in the lush field, Pashmina still slumbering on his lap.

"Ah." Smiled Huntira. "I cannot take your soul."

"What?" asked Cappy, confused.

"You never told me that you were the chosen ones."

"What?" Cappy repeated.

"You and the girl," she pointed to Pashmina. "Are the ones that have the power of Kitra."

"The power of what?" Cappy was still confused.

"You will soon find out, little one." Said Huntira. She waved her paw, and a jet of blue light flew from her oaken chest. The light flooded over Cappy, forcing his eyes shut. And he knew no more.

The fire had long since burned out. The ship lay blackened and burnt, covered in decaying bones and planks. Fearing the worst, the ham-hams turned up the whole ship, looking for their friends.

"Over here!" shouted Hamtaro. The hams gathered around him. Hamtaro brushed away some rubble, uncovering the faces of Pashmina and Cappy. Their eyes were closed. "Wake up!" shouted Hamtaro, slapping their faces.

"Hamtaro," Bijou sobbed. "I don't zink zey are sleeping."

"What, are they hypnotized or something?"

"Hamtaro," explained Maxwell, his eyes red and swollen. "What Bijou means isâ€|"



"Errâ€|" grumbled Cappy, opening his eyes. The hams were scattered around him with tearstained faces. Dexter and Howdy stood on either side of Pashmina, and Glen hovered over Cappy.

"Cappy, are we dead yet?" mumbled Pashmina, turning to Cappy.

"PASHMINA! CAPPY!" shouted all the ham-hams, nearly squeezing them to death in the process.

"We thought you guys were goners!" cried Panda, wiping his tears.

"Wha- the pirates!" shouted Cappy, suddenly sitting up strait. "We have to get the pirates!"

"The fire like, wiped them all out. You did it, Cappy!" Sandy praised.

"How on earth did you survive?" asked Maxwell, holding out his notebook through massive sobs.

"Wellâ€|" started Cappy. He thought about Huntira and the lush green fields. He thought about the soul chest. He though about what Huntira had said, that he and Pashmina had the power of Kitra. Would anybody ever believe him? "I guess it was just a miracle."

"Are we ready to get off this dinky little island?" asked Howdy.

"Yeah, but how?" asked Hamtaro.

"Don't worry guys. I gotcha covered." Sighed Cappy, leading them to the little yellow raft. Glen looked away.

"C'mon Glen. It may not be what you're accustomed to but it's not that bad." Said Pashmina.

"No," said Glen. "It's not that. It's just, I-I wanted to give my brother a, a proper burial."

"Agreed." Said Cappy, starting to walk in the direction of Boss's rock, as they were now calling it.

"How do we lift up the rock?" asked Dexter when they got there.

"I'll do it." Said Cappy. "I'm not going to waste Boss's strength." Cappy lifted the rock, and he saw the most wonderful thing he'd ever seen. Nothing.

"Cappy, what's taking you so-" Glen stopped as he looked under the rock. "Hah! I always knew that Boss wouldn't die that easily! The Boss-man lives on!"

Many cries of triumph were heard from the hams.

"I promise," said Cappy to the sky. "One day, I'll find you Boss."

The hams walked to the dock and boarded the raft. Cappy pressed the locket into Glen's paws. "Here, this belongs to you."

"Nah," said Glen, forcing it back to Cappy. "I think my father would have wanted you to have it."

"Thanks, Gleam- Glen." Cappy smiled, and the hams sailed back to their home, in the clubhouse.

"Those fools," spoke a voice from the bushes. The burnt form of Captain Hambone crawled out from the forest. "I will get that locket, and with it, the destiny sword."

Yep! That's the end! I know, crappy ending but oh well! As promised, here's a sneak peek at Arrgh2 Masters of Destiny.

"Ah, it feels so good to be home!" sighed Cappy, hopping up and down. "Same old room, same old bed, same old clock and- Oh my gosh! It's midnight!"

"We better get some sleep." Said Maxwell, sensibly. "Glen, you can sleep in Boss's room until further notice."

The hams scattered into their own rooms. Cappy slid under his covers. It felt so good to be back with Wilma, Tucker and Jake again that he fell asleep instantly.

"Cappy?" spoke a strong, unrecognizable voice.

"Wha-" Cappy awoke. He opened his eyes to see a floating, glowing figure of a handsome hamster.

"Cappy, I am here to ask your help. I sense that Kitra is in danger!"

Cappy had never seen this man before, but his name rose to the top of Cappy's throat like he'd know him forever.

"Walnut?"

Ha-ha! Left you guessing! I love torturing my readers! Anyway, Arrgh2 won't be up for a while and I want to work on some other stories. If you readers have the time, go to my profile and check out my future fics list. Tell me which one I should do next! Sayonara, and please keep reading my other stories! This is cappyandpashy4ever signing off.

End  
file.